



# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



## A LATE VERSION.

The boy stood on the burning deck  
From which all Democrats had fled;

The flames that lit the battle's wreck  
Shone 'round him o'er the dead.

(Mr. Bryan says he is still standing on the Chicago Platform.—ROANOKE, VA., SPEECH.)



#### METHODS.

When it became known that a reporter of the *Flesh and the Devil* had committed the fiendish murder the scene in the office of the *Burnall* begged description.

Mingled chagrin, consternation and rage held all hearts there.

The editor-in-chief was the first to recover his presence of mind.

"Offer a reward of ten million dollars," commanded he, "to anybody who will suggest how we may make the *Flesh and the Devil* stop copying our methods!"

At this timely display of steadfastness the others took courage.

#### THE JINGLE OF THE GUINEA.

WARWICK.—Now, on what basis do the Powers ascertain the indemnity China is to pay each of them?

WICKWIRE.—Well, as near as I can make out they charge about five hundred dollars for every Chinaman they killed.

#### IN THE COUNTRY.

"Ma, tell me one thing."

"Well, what is it, Tommy?"

"Who invented milking cows?"

#### KNOCKED.

"M-yeah!" explained old Mr. Hiram Tidd. "The crows was gittin' sawter f'miliar-like! Powe'ful f'miliar! Come right up tew the scarecrow an' roost ontew it. So I jes' took an' old pair o' them there latest X Y corsets, or mebbe 't was the M O corsets, I don't jes' rec'lect, an' I put 'em ontew thet air scarecrow, an' yew bet thet air straight front 'fect jes' nach'ly knocked them there crows. Hain't be'n a crow in the field sence, fur 's I kin see. M-yeah!"

#### IGNORANT OF THEIR FATE.

GRIFFIN.—It seems strange that Russia and Japan don't go to war.

GRINKAM.—It does. Must be they don't read American newspapers at all.

UNFORTUNATELY, we usually answer a fool according to our own folly.



#### IN NO HURRY FOR THE TIP.

SHE.—The waiter is awfully long, is n't he?  
HE.—Yes;—it's evident that he is n't very short.

#### APPARENTLY.

"I bought this watch when I was in New York off a pawn-broker named Levy. He said he loaned eighteen dollars onto it, an' he let me have it for seven."

"Vell, I shouldt say somepody got shluck!"

#### THE WAY TO FIX IT.

"Is n't it disgraceful the way our people are looting in China?"

"I should say so! Really, I think persons who are so crazy about vases ought n't to be allowed to go as missionaries."

#### DOWN BY THE SEA.

YOUNG SAPLEY.—That buxom young widow looks perfectly ravishing in her bathing suit. She reminds me of a poetical Latin quotation, er—er—

CYNICUS.—Oh, yes! "*multum in parvo!*"

#### A LAND-OFFICE BUSINESS IN SIGHT.

FIRST DIRECTOR (of gold-cure institute).—I think we should establish a branch at Sunset-on-the-Sea without delay.

SECOND DIRECTOR.—Why do you think that would be a good field?

FIRST DIRECTOR.—The sea-serpent has been seen around there with alarming frequency lately.







WHAT WAS NEEDED.

MRS. TICKERTAPE.—Perhaps that young man needs a little encouragement?  
MISS TICKERTAPE.—Yes; Pa'd better get a hustle on and corner something!

KNEW HER BUSINESS.

THE GIRL IN THE PINK SHIRTWAIST.—Is the fortune-teller at the Gypsy encampment any good?

THE GIRL IN THE BLUE SHIRTWAIST.—Well, she prophesied that I would be engaged to be married three times this season.

JIMMY'S HAPPY THOUGHT.

"Jimmy, all that cake I left in the closet is gone! Did you eat it?"

"Naw, Ma! We're Christ'n Scientists;—you jes' try t' believe 'at I did n'."

THE DIFFERENCE.

"T ain't a saloon Jim wucks in. It am a café."

"What am de difference?"

"Wal, in a café yo' kin git a moah expensive jag."

NO HOPE.

"Have you any reason why sentence should not be pronounced against you?" asked the judge.

"Lots of them," replied the prisoner, nonchalantly; "but I guess my lawyer has worked them for all they're worth."

SUBURBAN LIFE REVEALED.

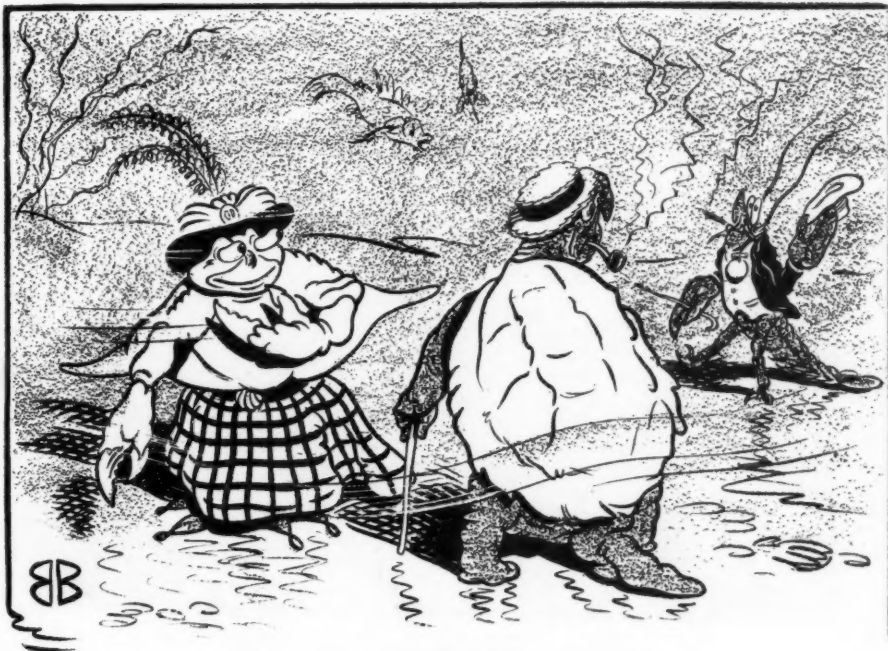
MRS. ISOLATE (*discussing new cook, apprehensively*).—Did she complain at Lonelyville being so far out, Ferdinand?

ISOLATE (*elatedly*).—She did n't get on to how far out we are! Fortunately, she went to sleep before the train left Jersey City, and she slept all the way here like a bird, with her head on my shoulder!

UNDOUBTEDLY FAR BEHIND THEM.

HARDING.—Pykerr has been following the races for the past three months.

BUCKLEY.—At present he must find it difficult work keeping on the trail.



A HERO.

THE TURTLE.—I see that the Lobster has been given a life-saving medal!

THE CRAB.—Yes;—at great personal risk he sprang upon dry land and saved two fish who had been washed ashore for the third time.



# PUCK



## HE RELIEVES HER MIND.

MRS. ISAACS.—I am surprised! I never expected to see you come home intoxicated!

ISAACS.—Ra—hic—Rachel, don't say a word! I met a feller vot paid for dis chag. It did n't—hic—gost me a cend't!

## THE SPECULATOR'S DREAM.

J. CHUMPLEY SMITHERS, having received a straight tip on X. Y. & Z. Railroad stock, bought two hundred shares and put up his margin. The market promptly sagged, but recovered somewhat and closed strong at only one or two points below the figures at which Smithers purchased. He went home, doubtful but hopeful; and as his last thoughts, before he fell asleep that night, were of X. Y. & Z., it is not strange that his dreams were colored accordingly.

About two o'clock A. M. he found himself in the gallery of the Stock Exchange, gazing wonderingly on the scene below. It was the year 2500 A. D. How he knew this he could not explain, but he was just as certain of his chronology as any professor who ever discussed the antiquity of an Egyptian pyramid.

"Big change since I was here," he observed to a man who stood beside him.

"I should say so! Great improvement!" replied the stranger.

"That looks like a roulette table over there."

"That's what it is. Those men playing are the most prominent roulette operators in this country."

"And is n't that a faro game going on just to the right?"

"That's faro. Dull and quiet to-day, though; has n't been a boom in faro for some time. Over there in the corner those ladies are playing bridge whist. There's excitement for you! Something doing over there right along!"

"Seems like an ordinary gambling establishment," suggested Smithers.

"Nothing of the kind!" said the stranger, indignantly. "There's an enormous difference—in the size of the stakes."

"That looks like progressive euchre over at the left."

"That's what it is. Twenty-four tables—one million dollars entrance fee for each player—only one prize—a

railroad. If you had been here yesterday you would have seen a man thrown out of the window because he did n't follow suit. But just below here is the star performance. Nothing like draw-poker, after all!"

Smithers looked at the table to which his attention had been called. Six keen-eyed men with Sphinx-like countenances sat around it. Not an unnecessary word was spoken, but cards were dealt and chips changed hands rapidly.

"Shrewdest brokers in the United States!" said the stranger.

"Brokers?"

"Yes. Each one represents a host of customers who buy an interest in the day's business and put up money to pay their share of the losses if luck is against them."

"Can a customer withdraw his share of the winnings before the day's business, as you call it, is over?"

"No, sir! Formerly he could; but by rules, adopted some years ago, the Stock Exchange abolished cold feet."

"The brokers get their commissions, win or lose?" asked Smithers.

"Well, it's done this way: there is a kitty—each pot pays a fixed percentage—and when the day's business is over the kitty is divided equally among the brokers. Another beautiful application of the principle of community of interest."

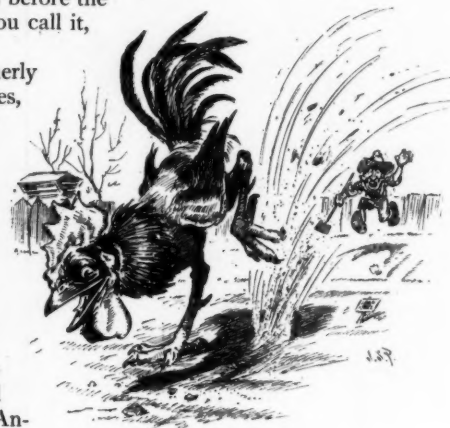
"By the way," asked Smithers, "is n't this against the law?"

"Not now. It used to be; but in 2450 the majority of the people stopped voting for laws which they did n't want enforced."

"Don't people buy and sell stocks any more?"

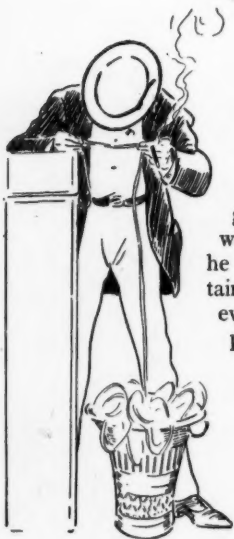
"Oh, yes; but not on the Stock Exchange. Poker and faro and so on appeal to Wall Street by their simplicity and directness. It is another case of the survival of the fittest."

"But why is the institution still called the Stock Exchange?"



## APPRECIATED.

"Aha! A new garden! This is really worth scratching!"



## ADVICE TO THE CORRESPONDENT.

MISS ROCKS.—Yes; she gets six per cent. for her money, but she is n't satisfied and she wants your advice about another investment.

THE BROKER.—Well, I should advise her to be satisfied.



# PUCK

"Oh! Well, you know how names will stick! I once knew a prize-fighter who in his early youth was called Kid McGuff. For some reason, which has never been satisfactorily explained, he did not drink himself to death, but lived to be a venerable, gray-bearded old man. But he was always called Kid McGuff. And this institution is still called the Stock Exchange."

"On the whole," said Smithers, "I am inclined to agree with you that the change must be considered an improvement. When I wake up I'll think it over and I may mention it to my stock broker this afternoon when I go downtown to get the latest quotation on X. Y. & Z."

Wm. E. McKenna.

## THE CONDUCTORS WOULD N'T ALLOW IT.

MRS. ENDSEAT (*on trolley-car*).—Mortimer says we will soon be traveling on trolley-cars for three cents.

MRS. TRANSFER.—Oh! I can't believe it! You know how mad it makes the conductors now when you pay your fare in pennies!

## TOO TRUE.

The poor heiress was sore distraught. "If His Grace should prove to be an impostor, it will kill me!" she sobbed, hysterically. "And what else can he be? It is now six weeks since he gave me the ring and Papa swears he has n't received the bill yet! Woe, woe is me!"



## OPPORTUNITY AND PRECEDENT.

TOMMY (*in awed whisper*).—Dat 's him, Lizzie—de Goat Hill Nine's Twirlin' Terror, wid a record ov nineteen straight victories! Gaze on 'im in his greatness w'ile yer may, Liz, fer der chances are dat in his twentieth game der spell will be broken an' his pitchin' pounded all over de lot.

## HIS WAY.

FRIEND.—Say! Clarence, how does yo' manage to shave a gennerman what's got de St. Vitus' dance?

BARBER.—Hoh! Dat's easy! I jess holds de razzah on his face an' lets him fiddle his whiskers off to suit hisself.

## HONORS EVEN.

THE SUMMER GIRL.—I am told to beware of a sailor;—that they have a wife in every port!

THE YACHTSMAN.—And I have been warned to beware of a Summer Girl;—that they have a fiancé in every Summer resort.

## A SAD TRAVESTY.

JAGGLES.—Do you think he's honest?

WAGGLES.—Why, man, he's so honest that everybody calls him a crank!

## AGGRAVATING.

THE GIRL IN THE BLUE BATHING-SUIT.—You are disappointed with the cloth in your bathing-suit?

THE GIRL IN THE RED BATHING-SUIT (*petulantly*).—Yes! The salesgirl warranted it not to shrink—and it has n't!

## CONCERNING THE PLAY.

SHE.—Was there any plot in that French farce?

HE.—E-r,—none to speak of.

## SURE ENOUGH.

LITTLE ELMER.—Papa, what is the hand of Providence?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—The hand of Providence, my son, is what we usually see in the misfortunes of others.



## IT WAS O. K.

FARMER JONES (*i a. m.*).—Clear out, ye varmint, or I'll shoot ye!

JOSH MEDDERS (*desperately*).—Shoot then! I come here to elope with your darter Sal—and, by gum, I'm agoing to!

FARMER JONES.—Oh! Excuse me! I thought ye had come to serenade her.



# PUCK



## A BASE DECEIVER.

EDITH.—You say old Mr. Gotrox deceived Ethel dreadfully about his age?

GLADYS.—Yes; poor girl! After they were married he confessed that he was only sixty instead of seventy-five.

## THE "GREAT MAN" BUSINESS.

SOME ARE born great. Others ape Greatness. Being but a plain citizen I love to see such a touching rendition of The Great Man as the genial, ponderous, and Great Cuss who rides in on my train each morning. I believe he had four thousand dollars left him once, and immediately thereafter married forty thousand more. He bought a suburban home, set up as a purifier of politics and went into The Great Man Business.

His voice was with him. It never will be stilled until the death angel shall press upon his manly chest and choke the life out of him. It is a remarkable voice — oratorical and tremendous. It rings with independent utterance and mighty resonance. It masters the problems of finance, statesmanship, and the liquor evil, six solemn mornings a week. The owner of the voice is a reformer. He would reform his neighbors, his town, his state, his nation.

The Great Man of our morning train uses the income of his four thousand on prince alberts, press notices and whiskers fertilizer. Ah! Those Lovely Lilacs!

Those iridescent, glorious, majestic whiskers! Those whiskers that float on the breeze like the banner of a republic — free, mighty, awful and magnificent; that sweep from the furrowed forehead of The Great Man to the southern limit of his beaming face and wave



## FARMER HAY'S DEVICE.

FARMER HAY (repeatedly).—What are you doing here, you black rascal?  
POLLY (mimicking).—"What are you doing here, you black rascal?"

in space like a bunch of deathless Spinach! Gray, hoary, they may be, but whiskers not less than Lives of Great Men all remind us!

The crowning glory of The Great Man is his whiskers!

His voice swells out triumphant from athwart the whiskers, and his chest bulges beneath 'em.

With flashing eye and soaring speech, with master sound and righteous rhetoric, while onward, cityward rushes the morning train, The Great Man expounds things and settles 'em.

One wonders at and admires the perfection of detail with which The Great Man rides serenely, loftily, upon the top wave of the Great Man Business. Think you he has not read the lives of many great men? He knows that Abraham Lincoln was droll. Some of his own quaint speeches make the car resound with his laughter.

He has heard that George Washington swore when in righteous anger. Once a year The Great Man says "Damn" in public.

He is tall and long — never ending, so to speak, physically and oratorically. He is, he must be, a Wonder, even unto himself.

You should hear him quote, with caressing cadence, those lines that speak so helpfully to his own soul of his dearest self:

"Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from vale and midway leaves the storm,  
While 'round its breast the rolling clouds are spread  
Eternal sunshine settles o'er its head."

The Personal Tribute that he feels the poet paid to him in writing these expressive lines, inspires him.

When The Great Man dies, if I am living then, I hope to see a column of spotless brass erected to his memory. Burnished whiskers should wave from its loftiest extremity.

The inscription might be:

IT IS WELL.

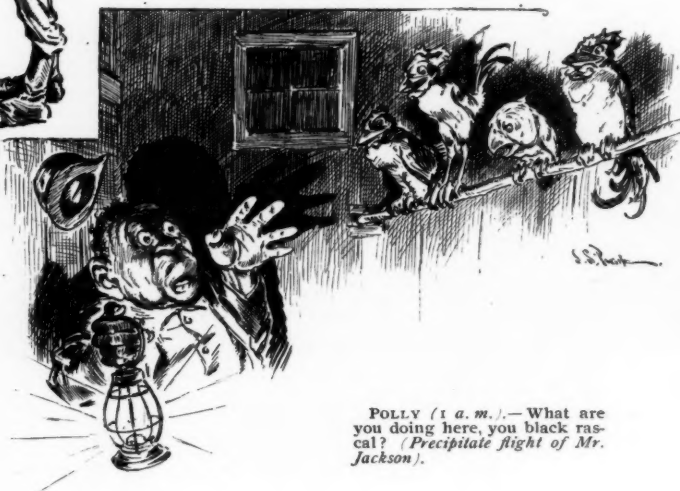
Fred Ladd.

## THE MAIN POINT.

APPLICANT.—I have been in a school of journalism for two years.

EDITOR.—And now are you willing to unlearn what you have learned?

AN ELECTION not fraught with peril to our institutions would be altogether too tame to suit the average citizen.



POLLY (1 a.m.).—What are you doing here, you black rascal? (Precipitate flight of Mr. Jackson).





## PUCK

### PUCK

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### CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**OHIO RECOVERS.** MR. BRYAN may continue to stand on the Kansas City platform, but he will hardly essay that feat within the boundaries of Ohio. The Democrats there have not only demolished the Kansas City structure, but they have expressed an utter lack of confidence in the leader himself. This may not discourage Mr. Bryan. Indeed it probably will not, since he has shown an amazing incapacity for discouragement. But it ought to encourage a large number of Democrats who never gave more than a half-hearted assent to his extreme doctrines, and it may call back to the party some of the thousands who frankly repudiated both the man and the doctrines. For the Ohio Democrats have hitherto been pretty obdurately all those things that Mr. Bryan is and forever will be; and, if Bourbons so determined have learned something, it is easy to hope for rational action in other states where Democrats have been not so brazenly irrational. To make the rebuff more pointed it comes in quick defiance of Mr. Bryan's recent order to stand by the old cause. Here, plainly, is a promise that we may once again have a Democratic party in which some reliance may be placed. And there will be enough abuses for it to remedy when it ceases to be one itself.

**OUR NATIVE ROYALTY.** "IN ONE handsome octavo volume, price one guinea, net," Mr. James Burnley is about to tell the inhabitants of England just why they are falling behind in the international trade contest. To convey this knowledge to his countrymen he has considered it sufficient to write the biographies of about fifty of our own "Kings of Enterprise," as he has chosen to style them. For he finds the United States the most aggressive rival of his own country and our numerous uncrowned kings to be "examples of the first importance to the easy-going youth of the present day." Among those selected by Mr. Burnley are monarchs of nearly all our productions, from matches to locomotives, and he designates them by titles at once apt and suggestive. What could be crisper, for example, than "Heinz, the Pickle King," or "Pabst, the Lager Beer King of America,"—names taken at random from Mr. Burnley's prospectus? Further down the list may be noted "the Rubber King," "the Woolen King," "the King of Hotel-keepers," "the King of Inventors," "the Department Store King," and "the King of the Bears." Mr. John W. Gates is illuminated as "an Adventurer in Iron and Steel," and Senator Depew is down, for reasons that must have seemed adequate to the author, as "the Lawyer King." On the whole we should say that Mr. Burnley's volume will instruct and entertain not only his own countrymen but the loyal and sustaining subjects of the various monarchs he exploits. At a time when we are selling American cottons in Manchester, pig iron in Lancashire, steel in Sheffield, coal in Newcastle, and American small stuff all over the island, it behooves the Englishman to find out how we do it. And again, perhaps some of the commoners over here may receive hints for cutting down the unnecessarily large revenues of some of their kings. When you come to think about it, there is no reason why we should pay our kings so much more than they have to pay them in effete Europe. Most volumes of this sort are paid for by the kings themselves, who see to it that their biographies are not too realistic. But Mr. Burnley speaks darkly in his prospectus of "qualities and methods" in these American kings "that it may be well to avoid," which is promising. He will try, evidently, to show the easy-going youth of to-day not only how to become a pickle king, but how to remain pure and noble through it all. The volume ought to meet a not long-felt but very pressing want.

**WHY NOT?** IT HAS been found about more than one problem of life that the simplest solution was the correct solution, but that it was tried last because it was so very simple. The matter of regulating sales of liquor to our soldiers is now seen to be one of this class. While learned authorities in and out of the army have puzzled over it arduously night and day, the right answer—too simple to be noticed—lay exposed at the top of the heap. That Puck should have helped ultimately to identify it gives us joy even after we confess that the aid was unplanned and wholly fortuitous, for PUCK is not the first to shoot at one target and make the bull's-eye of another. The saving factor in the solution is the esteemed *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, to whom we bow our best compliments. Reproducing a PUCK cartoon that portrayed the undesirable conditions produced by the abolition of the canteen, our contemporary asks, "Is this the condition of the army?" Then follows the magic remedy for which earnest souls have searched since the days of Noah,—with no flaunt of capitals or exclamatory type, but with an assurance that is modestly quiet, yet not unconscious of the magnitude of the discovery:

"If so, we need a law not only prohibiting the canteen, but absolutely prohibiting the use of intoxicating liquor in the army by either officers or men."

Now that the secret is out we shall all wonder why it was n't thought of before. It is so simple and so cleanly strips the problem of its difficulties. And the same law could quite as easily prohibit our soldiers from consuming other unwholesome stuff—pastry, tea and coffee, pork, ice water, etc.—and it could just as easily prohibit them from sitting in drafts where they catch cold, from leaving off their Winter flannels too soon, from playing cards, witnessing questionable plays and reading those popular novels whose morality is so dubious. If a thing like the drinking of liquor may be prohibited in the army by law, there is no limit to the physical and moral excellence that may be legislated into that body. And if the soldier may be made moral by law, why not the civilian? If the cure is as potent as it is simple why not pass a law requiring every one to be moral, and be done with it? Why not have our Millennium at once without any more tiresome working for it? If the suggested law can be passed and enforced we shall cheerfully concede in this column that the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* is of greater value to morality, true religion and civilization than PUCK is.

### COSTLY DELAY.

FARMER HONK.—I kinder guess William Jennin's Bryan is savin' himself for 1904.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Wa-al, I sh'u'd judge that, at the present price of ice, it is liable to prove sorter expensive.

IF THE good citizens had more push the politicians would have less pull.



### AN ORDINARY MORTAL.

"Alas! How true it is that kings are but flesh and blood! Verse puts them asleep even as it does the vulgar herd!"



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

OUR BRITISH  
THERE IS NO DANGER OF A EUROPEAN CO





BRITISH WATCH-DOG.  
A EUROPEAN COMBINATION WHILE HIS APPETITE LASTS.

## PUCK

### YACHT-RACING AS IT SOON WILL BE.

WHILE THE two yachts jockeyed for position in front of the starting line, it could be seen at a glance that both had recovered from the mishaps of the day previous. The "Columbia's" buckled mainmast had been temporarily repaired over night, the workmen guaranteeing it for at least two days, while the "Constitution's" broken gaff had received the same careful attention. Captain Hairsoff was in excellent spirits and, when interviewed, expressed himself as being fully confident of the "Constitution's" ability to win, provided she did n't sink.

When the starting gun was fired the "Columbia," with the breeze astern, held the lead. In attempting to break out her spinnaker to port the throat halyards got tangled up in the anchor and pulled the club to the deck with a crash. In the temporary excitement which ensued nobody noticed that the "Constitution" had parted her bobstay. Despite this slight double accident, both boats were sent away in beautiful style. The "Constitution" pointed higher than her rival, because the broken bobstay forced her bowsprit up 45 degrees. Neither boat, however, possessed any material advantage, and together they presented an inspiring picture, with trembling masts, quivering spars and crews alert, ready to dodge. About half-a-mile in the wake of each yacht came a wrecking steamer, fully equipped with jury rigs, extra halyards, stretchers, bandages and restoratives. When the boats passed the first mark "Columbia" was still in the lead, having broken only a jib boom on the run out.

11:23 O'CLOCK.—"Constitution" is now gaining on her rival, her crew having mustered up sufficient confidence to set the main-sail.

11:40.—Something seems to be the matter with "Columbia." She hasn't broken anything for the last twenty minutes.

11:55.—"Constitution" is no longer gaining. Her peak halyards have parted.

12:03:22.—"Columbia" has lost her star-board spreader, her mainsheet and a hand-spike.

12:10.—"Constitution" snaps her top-mast, carrying all her upper rigging to the deck. Her speed is slightly reduced.

12:12.—"Columbia" has just come out from behind an island. Her bowsprit is missing.

12:13.—"Constitution's" main boom is floating astern. It is feared she has met with an accident.

12:15:06.—"Columbia's" mainmast buckles just above the cross-trees. Slight confusion aboard.

12:15:10.—"Constitution's" mainmast



### CONSIDERATE.

"Oh! You kin fish as good as me, only you ain't havin' as good luck."

"Well—er—it 's nice of you to say that!"

"Oh! I would n't rub it in when yer lady friend 's around, Mister!"



### STILL UNSATISFIED.

"When I follered the sea, I thought I 'd like a job ashore with nothin' much to do."

"Don't you like the job you have now?"

"Well, yes; only there 's nothin' much to do!"

follows suit. It is believed that the race will have to be postponed.

12:20.—The Regatta Committee has just decided to attach tugs to the contesting yachts and finish the race under steam.

12:31.—"Constitution" is in the lead, the hawser between "Columbia" and her tug having parted.

Harry Hamilton.

### HIS VERSION.

"By heck, Maw!" ejaculated Lab Juckett, a youthful and gap mouthed young agriculturalist, upon his return from an afternoon's visit to the county seat; "thar 's a small-pox scare in town!"

"Land o' Goodness!" exclaimed his mother. "Are they plumb-shore it 's small-pox, Labby?"

"Wa-al, some swears it 's small-pox, an' others says it hain't nothin' but celluloid; but, anyhow, they 're goin' to canteen the whole town right away!"

RIDICULE of the things we envy is a kind of auto-jolly that is not always worth all it costs us.



# MAUD MULLER.

(A poem of analysis, after modern analytic methods.)



MAUD MULLER, on a Summer day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with  
hay.

She paused, reflecting, as she  
stood,  
Upon her weight of womanhood;

Upon the burden that she bore  
In common with unnumbered more.

She tossed aside her tangled locks —  
Was she a Brother to the Ox?

Oh, no! But sister to the Ox she was,  
She knew full well, by Nature's laws.

As sister to the Ox, somehow,  
She felt that she must be a cow.

A cow, indeed? What was that, pray,  
But some dumb thing that fed on hay?

And what was hay? Alack! Alas!  
She knew 't was only withered grass;

But withered grass; dried in the sun,  
When it its meadow course had run.

'T was that she raked this Summer day —  
Downtrodden, unresisting hay;

Its greenness dead, its freshness gone,  
As is the dew's fled at the dawn.

The gentle dew, compelled to fly  
Ere it has kissed the rose good-by.

The purple dawn, that all too soon  
Is blotted out by coming noon.

The shining noon that takes its flight  
Before the onslaught of the night.

The darksome night that fades away  
Before the rising of the day.

The day that — ere she came to this,  
Important last analysis,

The Boss, upon a low hay sled,  
Came driving by, and to her said:

"Move on there, Maud! We're payin' pay  
Fer rakin' hay; and you rake hay! See?"

William J. Lampton.

## HIS CONDITION.

WILLY LITTLEBOY. — Papa, what is a  
Czar?

PAPA. — A Czar, my son, is a Russian  
potentate almost entirely surrounded by  
assassins.



## MOLLIFIED THE OLD MAN.

HE. — I'm afraid your father dislikes me.  
SHE. — Oh, no! Not since I told him we  
could never be more than friends!

S. ANARGYROS'

NEW TURKISH  
CIGARETTE

ALL  
TURKISH TOBACCO

TURKISH  
TROPHIES

10¢ FOR 10

WHY PAY MORE

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## LOCATED.

STRANGER. — Did n't I understand you to say you'd  
just come from the Buffalo Exhibition? How did you  
like it?

CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE. — Pooh! It's a poor little  
paltry two-penny-half-penny affair. Don't begin to com-  
pare with —

STRANGER. — Indeed! By the way, how are things in  
Chicago now?

## ENTITLED TO A HYPHEN.

FIRST CITIZEN (in London). — That man is a New York  
politician.

SECOND CITIZEN. — I thought he was an American.

FIRST CITIZEN. — Well, he's a Tammany-American.

THE AMERICA'S CUP is like the average emigrant from  
Europe in that the old country can't get it back.

## GOOD TIMES.

FARMER HAWBUCK. — Times are pretty good, every-  
whurs, ain't they?

FARMER STACKPOLE. — Yes; everybody is so prosper-  
ous that you can't hardly lambaste any sort of an octopus  
without offendin' some of your wife's kin-folks.

## THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE.

GEORGE. — I understand the Gottits had a hard  
struggle to get into society.

JACK. — I should say they had! Why, old Gottit had  
to spend nearly four years in the Klondike!

It is doubtful if any occupant of the Presidential chair has  
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*Atchison Globe*.



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"Why do you talk so much?" Ma cried,  
Reproving little May.

"I s'pose it's 'cause," the child replied,  
"I've got so much to say."

—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

### THE RIVAL'S OPINION.

"You say that every one, even the most abandoned villain, has some  
good in him somewhere, do you? Well, I know a fellow who's an unmiti-  
gated scoundrel, without a single redeeming trait."

"Hello! I did n't know you had any rival for Miss Darlington's favor."  
—*Harper's Bazar*.

### VARIETY.

"Did you say you thought there was a great deal of sameness in my argu-  
ments?" inquired the politician.

"I did," replied the mercenary person.

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"WHAT is this bridge whist we hear so much about?" asked the commuter from Orange.

"Oh! I suppose it's some game of cards they play going over to Brooklyn," replied the man from another Orange.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



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Why grieve about the milk you spill  
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—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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She scorns her neighbors o'er the way  
And doth outgrease the Greaser.  
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.


THE OLD, OLD STORY.

JACK.—I saw a deaf-mute man talking on his fingers to a deaf-mute girl to-day.

KITTY.—What was he saying?

JACK.—"I love you more than words can utter!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

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SECOND FINANCIER.—Clear?

FIRST FINANCIER.—That's what he had left.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In addresses of girl graduates, the "problems of life," are not called by their proper names: cooking, dish-washing and sewing.—*Atchison Globe.*

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CLARENCE DOODLEBY.—Noticed it? Why, evwybody is wemawking about it.

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SHE.—But I'm not.

HE.—What's the matter?

SHE.—I know we shall never be able to sell it.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THESE billion dollar trusts make the old-fashioned multiplication table look painfully weak.—*Phila. Ledger.*

WHEN a young man marries a rich girl, it is a safe bet that he will end up by working for his father-in-law.—*Atchison Globe.*

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"What makes you think so?"

"He says it is pernicious and illegal."

"But you can't tell by such a remark whether he never speculates or whether he has just speculated and lost."—*Wash. Star.*

WHEN a farmer prays for rain, his wife wonders if the Lord knows what a chance he has to make a convert.—*Atchison Globe.*

THIS country has more millionaires than poets, but the millionaires don't make such nuisances of themselves.—*Wash. Post.*

### A PARADOX.

What a language is ours, Oh! ye gods! Its idioms oft are deceivin'. We speak of folks being at odds, Whenever they strive to get even.  
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

MR. CARNEGIE keeps harping on his alleged desire to die poor. He says he always wanted to be a newspaper man.—*Washington Post.*

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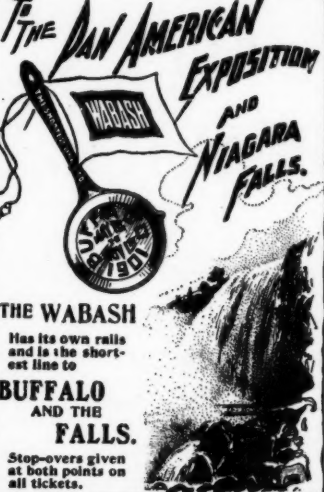
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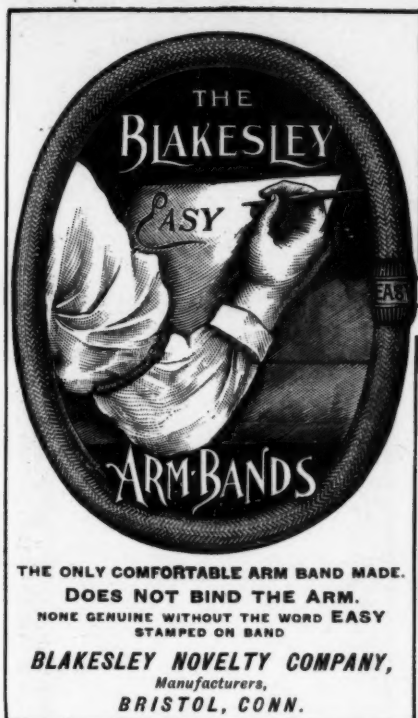
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PRISONER. — Well, I guess she'd do it if she thought there wuz any chances uv me being acquitted.

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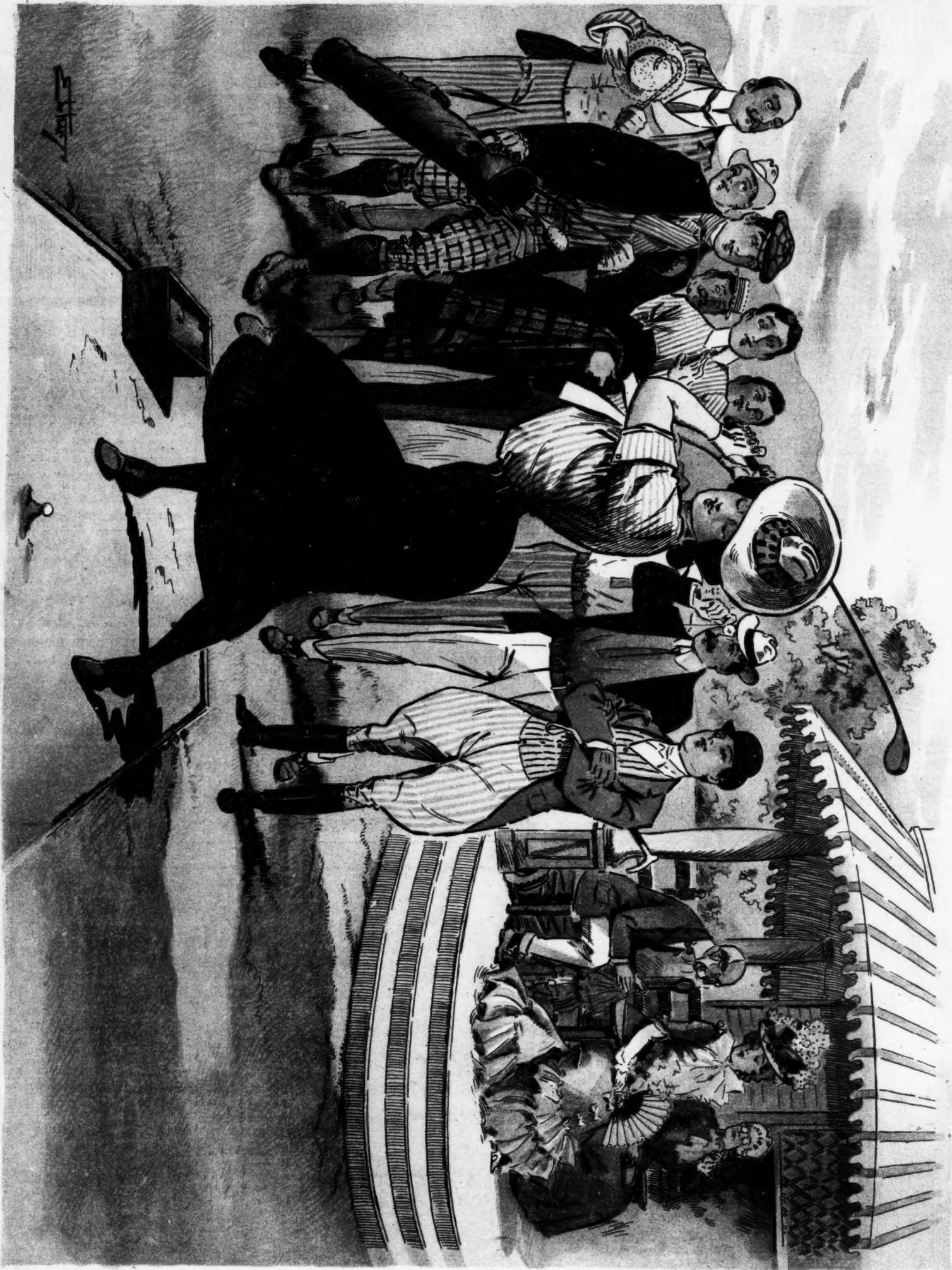
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